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ning suavity, were the wings and the turrets and the battlements of a magnificent and harmonious structure. The most beautiful trait of Sevier's character was the exquisite sweetness of his disposition."

All this agrees perfectly with Mr. Gilmore's estimate of Sevier, and a like agreement is observable between Mr. Phelan's view of Shelby and Robertson and Mr. Gilmore's admiration of those remarkable characters. Indeed, so closely do these two authors agree in their facts, and harmonize in their opinions, that a cursory reader might be tempted to conclude that the first two hundred and fifty pages of Mr. Phelan's book were a mere rewriting of Mr. Gilmore's previous volume. But this supposition is disproved by the evidence of personal investigation which nearly every one of Mr. Phelan's pages gives. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses," it has been said, "every word may be established"; and here we have the testimony of two independent and reliable witnesses to the fact that the country has had heroes and statesmen of eminent ability of whom it has known nothing. We are bound to accept such testimony, and we are glad to welcome these new heroes to our National Walhalla, and to concede the fact that the noble "Volunteer State" did not begin her glorious career with the Creek War or the battle of New Orleans.

S. FORSYTHE.

III.

HOW ARTEMUS WARD BECAME A LECTURER.

ARTEMUS WARD was undoubtedly the greatest humorist America has yet produced. He was genial and companionable, but not a great conversationalist, nor did he scatter the scintillations of his wit and humor broadcast, but, on the contrary, was modest and reticent in company, and only once in a while set the table in a roar with some dry joke, at which he never laughed himself. In fact, Artemus could not make an off-hand speech at all, and even the simplest of responses had to be written out and committed to memory.

It may be interesting to know how the great humorist came to take to the lecture platform, when, before his great success in that line, he had confined himself exclusively to the pen; and, as I had a finger in the pie, I will relate it. About thirty years ago there was a paper published in this city by several brothers named Stephens, called *Vanity Fair*, having for contributors such men as Thackeray, Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, Henry Stanley, and, in fact, all the literary talent of the country, with editors such as Charles G. Leland, Henry Clapp, and Frank Wood; and yet it was plain that the public did not want it, and it was about to give up the ghost, when the publishers consulted me as to what they should do. My advice was to get an editor who was well known for his comic proclivities, and advertise him as connected with the paper, and I declared that there were only two men in the whole country who filled the bill—John G. Saxe and Artemus Ward, whose real name I did not then know. I knew that Saxe could not be had, as he was a candidate for Governor of Vermont; therefore the publishers empowered me to correspond with Artemus and offer him \$30 per week and travelling expenses to come to New York as the new editor. The response was immediate acceptance, and \$25 and two weeks' salary were forwarded,—he afterward told me the offer was a godsend, as he was getting but \$10 a week on the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, as a reporter,—and in a few days Browne arrived in New York and assumed the chair. The paper languished on for a few months, and then went the way of all funny papers.

One day, when this had happened, I was walking up Broadway and regretting the result, for I had become very much attached to Browne. He was talking about going back to Cleveland and resuming his old position, when I suggested to him that he try lecturing. At this he laughed, declaring himself totally unfit, not being able to speak in public at all, and having no subject. I insisted, and gave him, as a subject, "Ghosts," New York at the time being very much exercised over a foolish humbug got up in the newspapers and called "The Twenty-seventh-Street Ghost." Before we parted, Artemus had promised to write such a lecture and to meet a knot of literary and artist friends the next evening at Pfaff's, on Broadway, near Bleecker

Street, a noted restaurant and resort of Bohemians, and read what he had written. He came with about half his effort, and for three-quarters of an hour the party was, literally, in a roar. He called it "A Lecture About Ghosts," and no small part of the fun was that there was not a word about ghosts in it. The next day he finished it, and then the question was to bring it out. I knew an actor, and sometimes manager, by the name of De Walden, then part of the old Wallack company, who had some money, and I managed to get him interested. He took Niblo's saloon, now the dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel, for one night, with the privilege of six. The first night, with the help of the press, who were all friends of Artemus, was a triumph, and he ran the week, clearing for himself and his manager \$4,200. From that time his lecturing was a grand success, and, while Artemus was more than liberal, he saved money, or, rather, he made it so fast that he could not help its accumulating in his hands. He died worth almost a hundred thousand dollars, of which he left the income to his aged mother, and, after her death, to found an asylum for old and disabled printers, to which craft he originally belonged.

J. W. WATSON.

IV.

INTERVIEWING AS A FACTOR IN JOURNALISM.

I SUPPOSE it has fallen to the lot of every American newspaper man whom pleasure or business has taken to England within the past dozen years, either to hear discussed or to take part in a discussion concerning the possibility of starting and carrying through to success in London a newspaper conducted according to American methods. Such a venture, indeed, has lately been set on foot by the proprietor of a New York paper, and no little curiosity as to the outcome is expressed in journalistic circles. For my own part, however, I have seldom heard what seems to me a correct view of the situation expressed even by men of far more than my own knowledge and experience.

It never seems to have occurred to them that in America news is far more easily collected, inasmuch as, outside the newspaper offices and their staffs, a vast army of helpers exists in the shape of the public itself. The foundation, as it were, of all news in this country is the interview; our people are one and all, from the rich merchant and professional man down to the humble inhabitant of Avenue A, ready and willing to be interviewed at any time and on any pretext. For the benefit of those unlearned in newspaper routine, let me point out the usual fashion in which a piece of news, police or otherwise, is "written up."

First, we will suppose a bare announcement of some fact, important in its way, arrives at the desk of the city editor from police headquarters or other official source. "A dead body has been found at such or such an address"; or a simple death notice: "At such or such a number Fifth Avenue, John Brown, of heart disease, aged seventy-nine." Reporters are at once sent out with the slip containing this news, and with a few words of instruction from the city editor. They proceed to interview in every direction. Friends, relatives, neighbors, officials of every degree, are quickly put through brief cross-examinations. Seldom is the least difficulty experienced by a reporter of fact in getting civil answers to his leading questions, and these answers form the skeleton of his "story." The interviews are not quoted; probably the names of the persons interviewed are never mentioned; for the account is put in purely narrative form. It is, then, these unquoted interviews which are the real news, as we see them recast and condensed in the columns of the daily papers.

In England other methods prevail. Men of the upper classes, in particular, would resent as impertinence the visit to their private houses of newspaper reporters at all times and seasons; the lower classes would suspiciously refuse to answer when questioned, unless by the authorities. In New York it often falls to the lot of a reporter to ring vigorously the bell of a stately mansion and rouse up the master of the house, who, in his *robe de chambre*, half sleepily, but wholly civilly, gives such information as lies in his power. Across the Atlantic, imagination fails to conceive the reporter's probable reception under similar circumstances.